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ENGLANDS IOY AND SORROVV:

Expreſsing their ſorrow for the Kings going into Scotland, and their ioy for the Queene Mothers Farewell.

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ENGLANDS JOY AND SORROW:

expreſſing their ſorrow for the Kings going into Scotland, and their joy for the Queene Mothers farewell.

Upon the Kings going to Scotland.

PArdon, oh bleſſed King, pardon my Muſe
Which to thy Majeſty may ſeeme profuſe,
Behold, O King, behold and thou may ſee
Thy Subjects drown'd in ſorrow now for thee,
They thy departure from them doe lament
And with an inundation doe repent,
Their eyes are ſo fix'd on thee in their paine
As if they meant to pull thee backe againe,
They weepe extreamely for the loſſe of thee,
Leaſt they ſhould grow unto ſome Anarchie,
They're never better, King, then in thy ſight
And in thy abſence now they feare ſome night,
Like as the Perſians, though they did adore
The riſing Sun, and worſhipped before,
Yet when that Phœbus bright-sky wandring Steeds
Which nouriſheth the earth, and daily feeds,
It with Cæleſtiall light, doe falling droppe
And hides his light in Thetis watry lap,
Oh! then with griefe and ſadneſſe they doe cloath
Themſelves, obſerving it a daily oath,
The occidentall Sun for to bemoane
Becauſe from their Horizon it is not gone,
Ev'n ſo, O King, ev'n ſo, ſubjects doe
Adore thy Majeſteriall preſence ſo,

But when we ſee the bright beames of thy light
Obſcur'd in abſence, we thinke it a night,
Of eye-bedaubing ſorrow, and bewaile
With griefe alas! which never yet doe faile,
But thou can'ſt adde an Antidote to griefe
And likewiſe eaſe our ſorrow with reliefe:
Thou promis'ſt us thy preſente yet againe
For otherwiſe thou would'ſt augment our paine,
Thou likewiſe would have Scotland for to have
A happineſſe in Thee, which they doe crave,
And thus, oh thus, ev'n with a mutuall light
Unto both Kingdomes thou doſt ſhine moſt bright,
Whil'ſt thou in Scotland art, they have in Thee
A bleſſing, which they thinke, eternity,
And whil'ſt in bleſſed England thou doſt ſhine
Wee take thee for ſome Angell moſt divine,
No marveile then thy Subjects now doe mourne
In ſadneſſe for thy abſence all forlorne,
And while bereaven of thy ſplendent lampe
We all doe thinke it light's eternall dampe,
Goe King to Scotland with a happy fate
And cauſe their former anger to abate,
Oh mitigate their furie, wherein they
Will truly the bleſt Soveraigne obey,
Goe with a happy Omen, let your ſight
In truth and love both Kingdomes reunite,
Goe, banniſh factions from us both, that then
In pure ſincerity we may be brethren,
Linke both together, and we jointly pray
That true Religion never may decay,
Goe proſperous, but ſuddenly returne
Leaſt in thy abſence while we daily mourne,
Wee bury all our joys, for now our teares

We thinke each day to be a thouſand yeares,
And then thoſe thouſand yeares may multiply
And ſo our ſorrow grow t'ernity,
Shine then thou Sun of glory, and conjoyne
Englands benevolous aſpect with thine.

Vpon the Queenes going away.

STay my ſad Genius! and bewayle no more
With eye-bedabled ſorrow as before,
Me thinkes I ſee each hilarous ſubject crie
Downe griefe with joy and with alacritie,
They doe, magnificent Queene, they doe rejoyce
At thy departure with a heav'nly voyce,
They all doe joy ſo willing thee to ſee
Now to depart with ſuch hilarity,
And if thou had'ſt not added ſome reliefe
Unto us, we had all been drown'd in griefe,
Illuſtrious Queene! we are no longer ſad
But now in thee behold we all are glad!
And doe rejoyce, that thou did'ſt late find
Ev'n of thy ſelfe a voluntary mind,
And in a retribution (Loe!) now wee
Doe give our tributary thanks to thee,
Becauſe that unto joyfull England thou
Granteſt a moſt luxurious gladneſſe now,

Io. Bo.

RCuze up your ſickneſſe, and doe not detaine
The Subjects crying wiſhes once againe,

We know 'tis fain'd ; Therefore ſince thou art well
Goe, goe that we may bid thee all farewell,
So proſperous, O Queene, with luckie oare
To the Siculian or Heſperian ſhoare,
Wee wiſh that all things may ſucceed to thee
Propitious, as unto ſome Deity,
For thou do'ſt ſo relieve each Subjects heart
In helping them from ſorrow's former ſmart ,
That all, ev'n all doe moſt unitely pray
God to conduct thee from us in thy way,
Thou haſt, O Queene, ev'n overſwayd our joy
Which all our former griefe cannot annoy,
In thy departure for thou doſt now bring
Backe all our former ſorrow for the King ,
We triumph in the motion thou didſt make,
From England a great journey for to take ,
And for this cauſe of joy which thou doſt give
To us, we bid thee all farewell and live ,
Live and farewell Madam choſe you whither
For time does both contabulate together,
You ſee how our affections all doe bend
In this thy journey, which we doe commend ,
As we commend thy journey, ſo we pray
That now with thee thou wouldſt conduct away,
All Papiſts which this land doe much infect
All Pontificians, a moſt curſed Sect ,
Proud Prelates, which did greatly domineere
And tyrannizing honeſt men did jeere,
Falſe Prieſts , which in our Church did daily preach
Baſe Atheiſme, and Doctors which did teach,
Falſe doctrine : Theſe, we pray, conduct with thee
And purge our land from all impietie,
And therefore (loe !) we all doe wiſh thee well
And wiſhing ſo we bid thee all farewell

Vpon

Vpon both.

THus joy and griefe doe goe together
So unitely, none knowes whither,
Does retaine the upper place
For both alike are ſeene in face,
Thus joy and griefe doe jointly crie
A mutuall Antipathie,
Sometimes ſome grieving I doe ſee
O moſt illuſtrious King for thee,
Sometimes, me thinks, I ſee ſome joy
O Queene for thee, and think't a toy,
Any longer time to mourne
To griefe ſubjected ſo forlorne,
Loe! joy and griefe are equall ſo
And both together thus doe goe,
I know not which have upper hand
They're ſo conjoyned in one band,
When we, O bleſſed King, doe thinke
On thy departure, we do ſinke,
Under the Tyrannie of griefe
Void of helpe or juſt reliefe,
When we, glorious Queene, doe caſt
An eye on thee, no griefe doe laſt,
But then immediately we doe
Rejoyce in thinking on thee ſo,
And thus my judgment cannot be
Equally poiſed, for to ſee,
Whither joy or ſorrow may
Be greateſt, and ſo get the day,
For they are ſo unitely joyn'd

Together,

Together, that no man can find,
Whither the peoples common voice
In thee, O Queene doe moſt rejoice,
Or whither they moſt bleſſed King
More ſorrow unto thee doe bring,
We doe rejoyce, O bleſſed Queene
In thy departure cauſe there's ſeene,
All Papiſts to depart with thee
To purge our land from Poperie,
We cannot chooſe but thee commend
For that affection thou doſt lend,
To us, advancing high the Crowne
And Papiſtrie in pulling downe,
Thus doe we all contemne the Pope
In thee magnanimous King we hope,
Firſt theſe two Kingdomes to unite
And both to Brother-hood invite,
And then we doubt not but we ſhall
Reflouriſh both in truth, from all,
Hell-nouriſht faction, while we pray
Religion never may decay,
Thus yee ſee that joy and griefe
Both to our Kingdomes gives reliefe,
But ſaving that Antipathie
Me thinks I heare each ſubject crie,
Returne, O King, returne, O Queene, farewell
Farewell O Queene, returne O King, full-well.

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